

# The Saturday Evening Post

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

VOL. V.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1910.

NO. 6

## Note and Comment

We are told that Alberta lacks orators. There are several exceptions, which come readily to the mind, but it is quite true that, speaking generally, our public gatherings show a very noteworthy absence of first-class speakers. Of course, what appeals to one man as oratory is downright nonsense to others. The Buckner style has had many imitators on the other side of the line, and not a few on this. As is well-known, it originated in Kentucky, on the streets of the capital city of which state it was once given a picturesque definition.

It is narrated that Cunnel Brekenridge, meeting Majah Buf'd as he went up town in Lexington one day, asked: "What is the meaning, suh, of the conc'se befo' the c'house?" To which the Majah replied: "Gen. Buckner, suh, is making a speech." Gen. Buckner, suh, is a 'bo'n oratah.' "What do you mean by a 'bo'n oratah'?" "If yo' or I, suh, were asked how much two and two make we would reply 'fo'." When this is asked a 'bo'n oratah' he replies: "When in the co'se of human events it becomes necessary to take an integrer of the second denomination and add it, suh, to an integrer of the same denomination the result, suh, and I have the science of mathematics to back me in my judgment, the result, suh, and I say it without fear of successful contradiction, suh, the result is fo'." That's a 'bo'n oratah'."

This must call to mind some speeches that we have heard in this province. We can do quite well without them but we would like to hear at our different public gatherings men who can give expression to their ideas in such a way as to make an impression on those who listen to them. It is exceedingly tiresome to put up with those who have not the gift, however useful they may otherwise be to the public and however much entitled they are to the respect of their fellow-citizens.

An effort should be made to cultivate ability along these lines. It is indispensable to a thoroughly successful political career. The glib talker must have same ideas and a reputation for integrity before he can go very far. But he often outdistances the man who has the latter qualifications and makes a poor showing when he comes before the public. Debating clubs for the younger generation should be encouraged. In older communities they have discharged a very useful function. A little more intelligence on the part of committees in selecting the speakers at different gatherings would also be welcome. Why are men who are known to be proconsuls personified given the principal places on the programmes when many who have shown themselves possessed of some brightness are left off altogether or given some duty to perform which does not allow them half a chance?

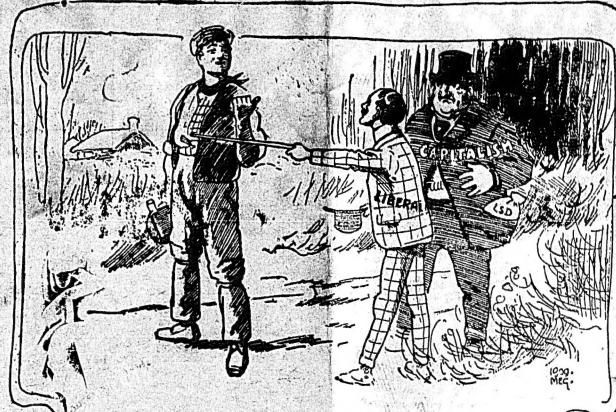
It is a matter of no small satisfaction to a young nation like our own to have wide recognition given to our literary talent. Such Canadian novelists and poets as we have had in the past have made their reputations, for the most part, by expatriating themselves. When they have thought it worth while to write of Canada, their work has shown no vital relation to the life of the country. It is because Mr. R. W. Service has not found it necessary to leave the country and because there is so much genuine Canadianism about all that he has published, that we welcome as we do his growing prestige. His was one of the books, we learn, that was read the most frequently and appreciated the most heartily on Shackleton's South Pole expedition. In T. P.'s Weekly the poem "My Madonna" is reproduced:

"I haled a woman from the street,  
Shameless, but oh, so fair!  
I bade her sit in the model's seat,  
And I painted her sitting there.

"I hid all trace of her heart unclean;  
I painted a babe at her breast;  
I painted her as she might have been  
If the worst had been the best.

She laughed at my picture and went away.  
Then came, with a knowing nod,  
A connoisseur, and I heard him say:  
"Tis Mary, the Mother of God."

## Two British Election Cartoons



PLAUSIBLE PARTY (to laborer) — "Look here, friend, we're both going the same road part of the way."

LABOR: "No thanks not if I know it, I don't like the looks of your pal."



SCARE DRUMMER (Earl Cawdor) — "You must vote for the Unionists. There's a great war coming."

MR. BULL: "Rubbish! In the first place I don't believe in these inevitable wars, and even if I did I certainly shouldn't vote for a party that made such a muddle of the last one."

So I painted a halo round her hair,  
And I sold her and took my fee,  
And she hangs in the Church of St. Hilaire,  
Where you and all may see.

"Think over these lines," says T. P.; "think well over them; repeat them to yourself again and again. The oftener you do so, the larger, the saner, the more humane will be your view of life, and especially of the life of the female outcast; the more you will realize the possibilities of infinite good which underlie the scarred and brutalized face and character and life of that pathetic being; the more you will grasp the truth that, even at her worst, there remains in every woman something of the divinity that comes from motherhood."

We hear the statement made no longer that Service is a mere imitator of Kipling.

The announcement during the week that a large colony of negroes has been established at Lestick Lake, west of Edmonton, and that many others are coming into Alberta from Oklahoma, has caused no little discussion and considerable consternation in some circles. The suggestion is made that active steps should be taken to ward off the movement. If direct encouragement is being given them by the immigration department, it would be an easy enough matter to have this discontinued.

But if they are coming of their own free will, how are they to be headed off except by a capitation task, as in the case of the Chinese? This would be an extreme measure, which is hardly warranted by the circumstances. That the negroes will ever constitute a problem of any proportions in Canada is not likely. The climate is not such, for one thing, to attract them in large numbers.

As to what their future is to be in the Southern States, there is, of course, a great diversity of opinion. That it is a difficult matter to find a place for them in the life of the continent all will admit. But they are here and everything possible should be done to enable them to become useful citizens. If the attitude of some people towards schemes for helping them out were generally adopted, the only course open would be either to reduce them once more to the status of slaves or to exterminate them. Booker Washington has, however, the right idea, and he is gradually turning most white men round to his way of thinking. He, himself, and many of those he has gathered about him have shown what the negro, by the application of the doctrine of self-help, can make of himself. Washington's book "Up from Slavery" is an inspiration not only to colored people but to all who have their way to make in the world against enormous difficulties. By making himself industrially efficient and accumulating a bank account, he will soon vindicate his claim to the position of a respectable member of society. The bulk of the race have a long way to go yet before they come anywhere near what Mr. Washington hopes for from them. But it was only yesterday that they emerged from a place alongside the lower animals.

A discussion has been going on in the columns of the New York Sun, which cannot fail to interest anyone who is concerned about the position of the negro.

"One of your correspondents," writes Mr. Robert E. Park, of Woolaston, Mass., "refers to the volume 'The Story of the Negro,' by Booker T. Washington, in which it is pointed out that in this country from the time that Columbus

discovered the western world, until Peary discovered the north pole the black man has been always and everywhere the white man's faithful companion and helper. During most of that time he has been the white man's dog; he has worked, lived and suffered with him, though he has received the dog's share of the good and ill that befall.

Now at length, after this long period of subordination, we are asking the dog to be a man; we are insisting with some impatience that the black man show independence, self-respect and racial pride, isn't this, to say the least, a little sudden?

"Is it strange under all the circumstances that this new people, suddenly ushered into all the responsibilities and perplexities of this modern civilization of ours, should not always succeed in bearing itself wisely and with dignity?

"The position of the negro in this country is nowhere settled. Everything in his world seems to be in a state of transition. One effect has been to make the negro, particularly in the northern states, abnormally self-conscious. This self-consciousness, which has been further intensified by public criticism, always candid if not always kind, has frequently manifested itself in actions that sometimes looked like servility and sometimes like impudence, but which meant only that the negro had not found himself.

"In the difficult situation in which he finds himself it seems to me that the negro should have the same consideration that Henry C. Merwin in the Atlantic Monthly so eloquently and persuasively asks for the dog—not pity nor charity, but sympathy and understanding.

"The question is sometimes asked whether the negro is potentially the equal of the white man. myself I do not know. In fact it is a question that never interested me greatly. Of one thing, however, I do feel fairly certain. If the negro under the trying circumstances in which he now lives shall succeed in gaining that moral poise that will enable him to face prejudice with calmness and self-respect and meet criticism as Booker Washington does and as all negroes of course should, fairly and without resentment; if, in short, the negro succeeds, as conditions seem to demand that he should, in showing sufficient breadth of sympathy to understand the white man's point of view while still retaining his own, then whatever else the negro may be, I take off my hat to him. He will have reached the height of moral heroism no white man can hope to attain.

The Lawrence correspondence of the Kansas City Times, shows how much more backward that part of the Union is than Alberta.

"In classic Lawrence," we are told, "the home of 200 college professors, enough 'Prince Albert' coats could not be found to accommodate half a dozen members of the cast that presented 'Ysbrand,' the Van Eeden play to-night. Professor J. E. Bodkin, who is managing the play, searched the town and found only one 'Prince Albert.' That one is owned by Professor J. N. Van der Vries, a young bachelor on the faculty. Professor Van der Vries says that he lent the coat so much to professors and public men in Lawrence that he considers it public property."

There is no question that so intimately concerns the welfare of the average citizen that of a country's fiscal policy, yet there is none that is so difficult to discuss. A tariff debate is most wearisome to two classes of people, those who have given the subject no thought and those who have given it a great deal. The former cannot see why anybody should get excited over a lot of dry statistics and abstruse theories. The latter know that ninety-nine out of every one hundred of those who advance these ideas have never taken the trouble to study the problems involved as they must be studied in order to secure a clear comprehension of them. Political economists have been working over them for generations. Till we know something of the result of their investigations, how can we discuss low tariff or high tariff, free trade or protection, intelligently. There is too much involved in these for any off-hand treatment. Political economy is a science and till we are guided by it in framing our policies, we cannot have anything but confusion and loss.

It is no wonder, therefore, that people in the

(Continued on Page Eight.)

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The crowded tavern's din,  
Where all day long with oath and song  
Sit they who entrance win;  
So come I out from noise and rout  
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Here none may mock an empty purse  
Or rugged coat and poor,  
But Silence waits within the gates,  
And Peace beside the door;  
The weary guest is welcomed,  
The richest pays no score.

The road is high and arched and blue,  
The floor is spread with pine;  
On my four walls the sunlight falls  
In golden floods and fine;  
And swift and fleet, on noiseless feet,  
The Four Winds bring me wine.

Upon my board they set their store—  
Great drinks mixed cunningly,  
Wherein the scent of fire is blunt  
With odor of the sea.  
From a cup I drink it up  
To thrill the veins of me.

It's I will sit in God's Green Inn  
Un vexed by man or ghost,  
Yet ever fed and comforted,  
Companionship by mine host,  
And watched at night-by that white  
light

High-swing from coast to coast.

Oh, you, who in the House of Strife  
Quarrel and game and sin,  
Come out and see what cheer may be  
For starving souls and thin,  
Who call at last from drought and fast—  
To sit in God's Green Inn!

—Theodosia Garrison, in Scribner's.

## AN OUTSIDER AT THE HOSPITAL MEETING

I am not given to running to meetings of any shape or character if I can possibly get out of them. Between ourselves, they bore me unutterably, but I did go to the Edmonton hospital meeting in All Saints' schoolroom on Monday afternoon for the purpose of electing the board of directors for the coming year.

I went, because I had one great big curiosity to know what on earth all of the talk is about; why husbands and wives are in many cases on two sides of the fence on the hospital policy; why one moment I hear the Ladies' Hospital Aid getting pitched into poker and tongs, and the next the "Old Board" coming in for the most scathing denunciations; to see if the street rumors heard so persistently regarding the hospital and its work, were airtight, where it seems to me they should have been airtight; in short, to obtain some explanation of a great many things that have been puzzling me. Out of the hours of the meeting lasting nearly four hours, I came away with the following impressions. Remember I am a rank outsider, without sufficient interest to secure a vote. I had no preconceived ideas as to who has the right or wrong end of the issue. I went to the meeting from motives of pure curiosity to see what was doing, and between listening to private conversations, and hearing public utterances on the situation, I came away in greater darkness than when I went.

For it seems to me that both sides are right and both sides are wrong. There is too much of personality in the issue, too little hospital. Too much "down with certain members of the Board," and too many personal references to the president of the Ladies' Aid.

To an onlooker it seems as if the interest lay in an issue between Mrs. Murphy and her ideas, and certain of the Hospital directors and theirs, rather than a genuine desire on the part of both to get together and give us what we need, a proper and well-conducted hospital.

When I speak of Mrs. Murphy and her attitude to the matter, I might as well write the Ladies' Hospital Aid, for almost to a woman they stand solidly by their very capable and energetic president.

Mrs. Murphy is a woman of ideas, a woman of striking personality. Whatever undertaking she identifies herself with, before long one asks what "Mrs. Murphy thinks," and "what Mrs. Murphy says." She is a natural leader; one of those women who absolutely dominate every gathering they attend. And a great many of her ideas are good and progressive and always they have the merit of being original, thoughtful, and careful

until for occupancy, and yet allowed to continue receiving infectious diseases of all descriptions, whose "isolation" is laughable, if it were not so tragic? Why do doctors acknowledge that the carrying out of a great deal of the disinfection of private houses is absolutely inadequate, and yet permit the game to go on uninterrupted? Why, why, why?—the whole thing is a Chinese puzzle.

Daily the newspapers are blamed for not airing abuses that those in authority and a position to know do nothing to remedy. The papers are wise enough to know how beautifully they would be blocked if they tried it on, and leave matters to take their course. Professional etiquette is a weird and incomprehensible thing, and has to be handled accordingly.

I was very much amused at Mr. Travis-Barker's third-rate "resolution" and the time (having a particular end in view so far as I could see, except a recapitulation of what people already knew, and which was already fully embodied in the work set out for the Board) it was allowed to take up.

Mr. Barker always fogs me a trifle, his language is so picturesque. For instance, his reference to the sick as "fallen humanity," his "pros and cons," his "sticking a bald home," etc., etc., and his side-stepping into talk of the United Aid, etc., etc., after a short a little consulting. His tribute to editors in general was delivered in "Trotter," "satiric," "men who twisted men's utterances out of shape and made of them what they would," these and many more equally involved epithets, buried in a high melodramatic voice, delighted and entertained an audience grown a little weary over the slow progress of the proceedings. I don't know where Mr. Barker ended up, as the bell ringing six-thirty, peremptorily summoned most of us home. Now, who has been refusing Mr. Barker the use of their columns? Capital, Bulletin or Journal, "fess up, who turned down Mr. Travis-Barker's latest effusion?

Following the election of the new Board, from which two hundred and fifty dollars, mostly from women of the Ladies' Aid was awarded, the question of municipal ownership as applied to hospitals was broached, and found a doughty champion in Mrs. Murphy, who was one of the few applauders among the men. Dr. W. A. Wilson, Dr. Harry Smith, Mr. McDougall, Mr. Fraser and others at once rose to protest against the move at this time, and led the audience to believe that even eventually it would be an unwise one.

As may be readily seen there are many sides to the hospital situation, but high above all the differences of opinion, stands out the pressing need of speedy and more suitable accommodation—a new hospital.

Quite candidly, though, people may regard a meeting such as Monday's from motives of curiosity, it remains the fact that the town is growing weary of hearing hospital and seeing these things to continue.

I have forgotten the exact number, but we learned on Monday from a report of the visiting committee that there are only twelve or fourteen cups and saucers among both sick and well in the institution, the same dishes being used by both. Why was this allowed to be?

The hospital, in addition, was pronounced almost too cold and unfit for the residence of healthy people, and yet, metaphorically speaking, it opens out its arms to take in the sick.

I have heard other things regarding conditions there, from doctors, nurses, and members of the Ladies' Aid that began description, so much so, that I long ago made up my mind that I personally would never patronize the institution. There are a great many other in town whom I have heard express similar feelings in a like kind.

There is always pressure from the Ladies' Aid, we learn, and yet no account given—and again no liken to even change one bed.

Pitifully ill, and the Hospital left it in sole charge of a probationer.

Was this, then, a time to spar over sites? Was there not sufficient urgency for concerted action for Board and Aid to get together, and forget little differences of opinion. It is all very well to look to the future, but the future has a way of taking care of itself that the sick people of the present time have not. It is to-day with them. Now or never.

I say if certain reprehensible conditions were known to exist, why were they not made public, and the Board or someone forced to take action? Why speak of them at all if not to remedy them?

Why is it, again, that certain public services are unaccountable, and by extension, irresponsible, and yet allowed, and yet allowed to remain office? Why are the doctors silent, those who are in a position to know? Why are abuses and mistakes buried up in institutions? Why is the isolation hospital, pronounced by doctors as almost

nothing, and is losing interest in the issue.

And because I say this, I am not losing sight of what good goes, tending to expert nursing and useful work on both the part of the men and women interested in it; the public hospital has accomplished in the past. Surely, however, a meeting that lasts nearly four hours should arrive at some definite conclusion of how best to remedy any mistakes made in the past, and how to set out to accomplish the best results in the future.

Let us hear less "Board" and less "Ladies' Aid," and more "Hospital."

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**A Pioneer Story From  
Glengarry!**

As Told by an Edmonton Man

Talking about pioneering in the West, said a gentleman in a cafe in the city the other day, the people settling in this part of the Dominion do not know what hardships are in comparison to what our grand parents underwent that settled in Eastern Canada many years ago. For instance, about Glengarry, it was a bush country, and took years of good hard work to get a clearing sufficiently large to grow any kind of a crop at all. The women used to work just as hard as the men in assisting about the farm labor, as well as doing their household duties, and there are a large number of the Dominion's wealthy citizens who own all that now possess to the honest toil of their predecessors, and not to their own work or brains.

I remember when I was a boy hearing of some experiences of some relatives of mine—whom we will call Jock and Maggie. They got married and settled down to farming. Jock was a magnificent specimen of a Highlander, standing six feet three inches in his stockings, weighed some 210 lbs., and Maggie fine a lass as you could meet anywhere in the settlement, stood five feet ten inches and weighed about 160 lbs. Everybody said they made a bonnie couple, and were accordingly very popular at any of the bees and country dances for miles around; both of them had a touch of the devil in them, and for fun, frolic and work they had no equals, and the saying was that it was hard to say which was the better man of the two. One bright July morning Jock said: "Maggie, old girl, I think we'd better get in the hay to-day while the weather is like it is." "All right, Jock, whatever you say goes," she answered. (It is not so now, however, with the new women, I regret to say.) So off they started. They had not far to go and had hauled several loads, and as each load was unloaded into the barn it became hotter and hotter work. The barn was a long one made of fine logs, no boards were used for the floor of the hay loft, simply long poles placed at intervals so as to keep the hay up. Everything was working grandly; Jock up in the loft receiving the hay from Maggie, and putting it in place, when suddenly Jock called out: "Hold on, I am going down to get a drink of buttermilk. I cannot stand this any longer, I am so thirsty." So down he came, and Maggie watched his manly form and thought to herself, "Ahh! but he is a raw bawd."

In a few minutes he reappeared, but what a change in his apparel. No shirt, or pants, but in their stead, by way of a joke, he had donned from his waist one of her petticoats, which costume he assumed was much cooler. "I am all right now," he said. "Hoofs, Jock, who is that coming through the gate?" He looked and said, "Oh, mother of Moses, but as sure as you're there, it's His Lordship Bishop Macdonald on one of his usual rounds. Go you and meet him, and explain to him that I am away from home and you don't know when I will be back."

After some dorm she did dutifully what she was bid; explained to His Lordship how sorry her Jock would be at not being home when his reverence called; gave him a glass of nice cold milk and some lovely home-made bread and prayed internally that he would not linger long, for the sake of the wretched practical joker roasting up in the hayloft, where it was growing hotter as the day advanced.

But it seemed old Nick sometimes enters into the minds of ministers of the Gospel, and the desire of curiosity troubled them like it does so many women and some men. I know this particular Bishop had a touch of it as he said to Maggie, whom he had known from childhood, and who was a great favorite of his: "Ah, lass, it looks to me as if you ha' been making some changes about your barn, and I must go over and have a look at it." A cold shock ran down Maggie's spine as she thought of the strange-costumed being in the barn, and what the holy father would think of her, and her lying so glibly about Jock's absence. And again in a second or two she was relieved by the happy thought that surely his lordship would not want to climb up into the loft anyway. If that wretched man Jack only keeps quiet, and does not cough, or make known the presence of some unseen

A SERMON ON TOLERANCE

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the American Journal-Examiner.)

An intelligent woman who reads all the New Thought literature, recently expressed surprise when a friend, who had been travelling in China, spoke of the intellectuality of the men and the beauty of many of the women.

"Why, I always supposed they were half-civilized heathens," she said, "and dreadfully ugly to look upon. You never see any handsome or intellectual Chinamen here!"

It would help this good woman to a larger understanding of the world to read about Confucius and his philosophy.

This great man died, aged seventy years, 479 B.C. His disciples told marvellous tales of his divine birth and of the miraculous forerunners of his coming to earth. Yet during his life he was at various periods persecuted, and once imprisoned and nearly starved all because he desired to reform the people and lead them to the attainment of "perfect virtue."

The books of Confucius are classics to-day in the Chinese language, and have been translated into nearly all, if not all, languages. Among his sayings is this one, in the Analects 15:23: "What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others."

More than five hundred years later Christ made this saying more potent and beautiful by changing it to:

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

One is negative goodness, the other positive.

Confucius was asked what he considered perfect virtue.

He replied: "To be able to practise five things everywhere under heaven; that constitutes perfect virtue. These five thing are: Gravity, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness and kindness."

He then talks to rulers, he said: "Act as if you were watching over an infant. If a mother is really sincere about it, she will not be far from divining the wants of her child."

From the loving example of one family, a whole State becomes loving; from the ambitions and perverseness of one man a whole State may be led to rebellion and disorder. Such is the nature of influence.

"To every household is rightly ordered. Then the people may be rightly taught. When the sovereign behaves to the aged as the aged should

be behaved to, the people become filial; when the sovereign treats compassionately the young and helpless, the people do the same; when a prince loves what the people love, and hates what they hate, then is he parent of the people.

"The superior man is a luxurious test; he should not get truth; he is not anxious lest poverty come upon him."

"There are three men things find enjoyment in which are advantageous; and three things which are injurious."

"To find enjoyment in discriminating study of ceremonies and music, in speaking good of others, and in having many worthy friends, these are advantages."

"To find enjoyment in idleness and sunbathing, in the excesses of feasting, in extravagant pleasures, these are injurious."



**HAZZAN**  
Cork Tipped  
Cigarettes

The Oriental Smoke  
Ten for ten cents

Smokers have caught on to their low price  
and fine quality

Confucius believed in morality and in immortal life, as is seen by his constant references to heaven. "Sounds and appearances are but trivial things; the doings of Supreme Heaven have neither sound nor smell. That is perfect virtue."

Now heaven is built of our thoughts and every thought is in a spiritual stone, laid in the edifice. The bigger and broader and more tolerant your thoughts, the bigger your edifice will be when you pass on to that Other Country."

A great number of religious, good and well-meaning Americans will find very narrow cabin waiting for them in that land; because the prominent trait of the orthodox American mind is intolerance, regarding the intellectual stages.

"To find enjoyment in idleness and sunbathing, in the excesses of feasting, in extravagant pleasures, these are injurious."

(Continued to page four.)

**ANOTHER SUCCESS**

**The Beaver House Chapter I.O.D.E.**

WILL PRESENT SHAKESPEARE'S

**"Twelfth Night"**

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Edmonton Amateur Dramatic Club

AT THE

**Empire Theatre**

ON

**Saturday, January 29th**

WITH A SATURDAY MATINEE

Plan at Theatre

THE CAST INCLUDES:

MRS. J. D. HYNDMAN  
MISS MARY DICKEY  
MISS POTTER  
MR. LISTER  
MR. T. S. NEWELL

MR. G. M. STEWART  
MR. A. E. NASH  
MR. D. L. ROBINSON  
MR. G. B. TANDY  
MR. TURNER

MR. G. T. STEWART  
MR. H. L. SEYMOUR  
MR. PETE BURLEY  
MR. W. BERRY

**Beautiful Costumes, Sumptuous Scenery, Special Music**  
**Saturday Night will be Students' Night**

## Home and Society

Calgary.

H. C. Powley, of Swift Current, is in the city.

The Sons of Scotland had a "Night w/ Burns" in Sherman's Hall on Tuesday evening, January 25th.

Mrs. Glenholm MacDougall, of Port Arthur, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Newburn, 304 Twelfth avenue West.

The ladies of St. John's church are planning for a second fancy dress carnival in the east end rink during the first week of February.

Mrs. Pierce entertained at bridge on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Sandford Davis will not receive until further notice.

Miss Chatwin, of Edmonton, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Moir.

Miss Stringer, American Hill, gave a dance on Monday evening.

Dr. Stewart MacBride returned this week from a short stay at the coast.

Mrs. Clement, of Brandon, is a guest of Mrs. N. Hayden, First street West.

Miss Killoran, teacher at Strathmore, spent a few days this week in the city.

Miss Ings, Thirteenth avenue, west, gave a social evening at her home on Tuesday.

H. Sheffield and bride returned from Londonerry, Nova Scotia, on Tuesday.

On February 3rd, Mrs. Lougheed is giving a dance in honor of her son, Norman Lougheed.

Mr. and Mrs. Hull and Miss Scottie left on Wednesday night for California.

The Misses McKinnon were the hostesses of a jolly skating party on Tuesday evening.

Miss Harris gave a very delightful missionary tea on Tuesday in aid of the Church of the Redeemer.

Mrs. J. W. Cain, of Medicine Hat, is the guest of Mrs. Fred Bultch, "The Briers," Fifth avenue West.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, of Edmonton, visited at the home of A. W. R. Mackley, Fifth avenue West, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Perley are among the citizens who are enjoying the winter months in California.

Rev. Robert Pearson, of Edmonton, spoke very ably at the Men's Own on Sunday afternoon, and preached to the curlers on Sunday night. Every available seat in the large edifice at Central church was utilized, and many could not get in. The choir furnished special music for the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Norton are spending a few weeks in Toronto as the guests of the latter's uncle, Sir Henry Pellatt.

Miss Balle of London, Ont., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Baldwin Hulton, who gave a bridge on Thursday evening in honor of her guest.

Mrs. Tenant and Miss Tenant, of Bracebridge, Ont., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Tenant, corner of George street and Fourteenth avenue, W.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Campbell left this week for the southern States. They will visit Florida and other parts during the next few months.

The Girls' Literary Club will hold their regular meeting on Tuesday at 4.30 o'clock in the choir room of Knox church.

Mrs. E. E. Crosby, formerly of Perth, Ont., and George Campbell were very quietly married at the Bap. church parsonage on Saturday evening by Rev. J. C. Sycamore.

The ladies' Bible class of Knox church gave a reception on Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. C. A. Stuart for all the young ladies of the congregation. A very pleasant evening was spent in music and social chat.

Miss Scott has sent out cards for a dance to be held in the old Calgary General Hospital on Tuesday, February 8th. The supper will take the form of an old-fashioned box social. Pretty boxes will be provided by the ladies; auctioned and bought by the gentlemen. The proceeds are to help to provide furniture for the nurseries at the new hospital.

Mrs. J. P. Jephson gave a very enjoyable five hundred on Wednesday of this week. Mrs. Bone and Mrs. Ings were the fortunate winners of the first prizes, and Miss Lilly and Miss Burk, carriers of the consolation trophies. A few of the guests were: Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Lougheed, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Newburn, Mrs. Howley, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Ings, Mrs. Sanborn, and the Misses Burk, Shackleton and Ings.

Among the very pretty post-nuptial receptions of this season was that of Mrs. Robert Burns—nee Miss Baker, held on Saturday afternoon at her cosy home on Second avenue, in Sunnyside. Mrs. Burns was charming in

a pretty cream reception gown, princess in style, with garniture of tucked net and satin finishings. She was assisted in the drawing room by her mother. Mrs. Barker, in a handsome black silk costume; and Miss Heiswood, who wore a very rich navy taffeta dress with touches of cream. The tea room was in charge of Miss Saunders, prettily gowned in flowered taffeta, and Miss Burnell, in a very becoming costume, served tea and appetizers. In the hall there were through the aristic home were massive clusters of daybreak carnations, and there also formed a pretty centre for the polished board in the tea room.

Mrs. John J. Young was the charming hostess at a bridge yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Young wore a hand-silked flowered silk costume, with garniture of silk net and applique; and extended a pleasing word of welcome to each of her interesting guests. A bright spirited game was enjoyed by the lively contestants at four tables, the winner of the first prize being Mrs. Turner-Bone, the second Mrs. English, while Mrs. Ings captured the consolation. The pretty home was rendered more beautiful than by the many clusters of pale pink carnations and rich greenery. Miss Findlay, Miss Lilly and Miss Young, all in pretty reception gowns, assisted in serving the very delectable refreshments. Among those who participated in the delightful evening were Mrs. Lougheed, Mrs. Rankin, Mrs. Turner-Bone, Mrs. (Dr.) Smith, Madame Talbot, Mrs. Lillian, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Hellwell, Mrs. Ings, Mrs. Newbold, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Scott-Dawson, Mrs. English, Mrs. Herron, Mrs. D. J. Young and Mrs. Davis.

A quiet gathering took place on Wednesday evening, Jan. 19th, when Miss Elizabeth Miller Wallace Robson was made the happy wife of Rawson Weston, at the residence of Rev. Mr. Clark. Miss Dolly Robson, assisted the bride, while Mr. Frank Crofton, ably attended the groom.

On Wednesday and Thursday afternoon Mrs. (Hon.) W. H. Cushing held her first reception in her beautiful new home on Fourth avenue. W. The days were perfect, and the very brilliancy of the sunshine without seemed to cast a glow of radiance through the splendid reception rooms. The spacious hall was prettily brightened by the purest white carnations, and the drawing room was a taste of summer with its fragrant and massive bouquets of lovely marguerites, white in the centre of the tea table, and here and there upon the mantelpiece gay and fragrant, were artistically arranged clusters of deep crimson carnations. Mrs. Cushing received at the entrance of the drawing room, and wore a very attractive gown of grey silk, with artistic touches of satin and rich lace. Mrs. Cushing, mother of Mrs. H. H. Cushing, was also there, and also wore a lovely grey costume. Miss Marble, in a very becoming gown of royal grape silk, with garniture of cream lace, and Miss Anna Howson, in champagne taffeta, with touches of lace and applique, assisted in serving the dainty refreshments.

The reception given by Miss Stringer and her brother, Mr. Bert Stringer, last Saturday afternoon in honor of their sister, Mrs. Chas. Hembury, was unique and enjoyable. The interior of the pretty home on American Hill was made beautiful by numerous clusters of pink carnations, extending from very palest to the deepest shades, each blazoning harmoniously with the very lovely chrysanthemum blooms. In a cosy little alcove, partially obscured by a wealth of ferns and palms, was Augade's orchestra, which furnished delightful music. Mr. Caine, in the kindest way, graciously responded to his many invitations to sing, and gave some very pretty vocal selections. The guest of honor wore a handsome white silk gown, in train, and a blue picture hat, while the charming hostess was lovely in a delicate pink silk, with touches of cream.

The first part of the afternoon was spent in a jolly free hundred, at which Miss MacLennan and Miss J. Glanville won the pretty trophies.

Many of the gentlemen accepted the hospitality of their friends and partook of the dainty refreshments which were served by the Misses Ings and the Misses Stringer, all in pretty and becoming gowns. The tea room was presided over by Mrs. Lougheed, who wore a perfectly lovely gown of old rose, and Mrs. C. MacMahon, in a royal grape gown, princess style, with chapeau to correspond.

Only a few of the guests were: Misses O'Neill, Costigan, Kerr, Young, Findlay, Harris, Ings, Glanville, De Sousa, Lilly Hortsman, Heal, Lowes, Crandall, Ings, Lane, Mans, Neilson, Cameron, Hamilton, Mesdames Lougheed, MacMahon, Hutton, H. Stringer, and Messrs. Forbes, Storey, Arthur, Sutton, Millar, Wier, Hembury, Stan-



## Kodaks & Brownie Cameras

Let the Children Kodak. They will enjoy it immensely.

We can furnish Brownie Cameras from \$1.00 up

A new stock of Premo goods have just arrived. Let us show you how simple it is to manipulate a Premo film-pack camera. Our stock is complete and fresh and prices as quoted in any part of Canada.

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260 JASPER EAST

ley, Kerr, Fraser, MacMahon, Lougheed, Ross and many others.

The normal class held their first social gathering on Tuesday night in the assembly hall, and it proved to be a very enjoyable affair. The students were all present and exchanged greetings to visiting teachers, and at the same time in becoming better acquainted with each other.

Miss Mauser and Mr. Liezert extended a cordial welcome to everyone present. A splendid literary program was given, interspersed with lively games and interesting promenades.

Among those who contributed appreciated selections were: Piano solo, Mrs. Page; instrumental duet, Misses Newmarch and Butter; reading, Miss Nelson; piano solo, Mr. Wier.

Mr. Miller and Dr. Coffin gave short addresses, which were much appreciated.

The regular literary meeting was held Friday afternoon at the Normal school. It opened with a chorus from the Glee Club. The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted. Mr. West was appointed to act as critic. The president announced that the Normal Oracle would come out next week.

Miss Edwards then favored the assembly with a much appreciated solo, after which a very enthusiastic debate followed on the subject: "Resolved: That Western Canada is developing a better type of manhood than Eastern Canada." The affirmative was taken by Miss Nelson, and Mr. Verge, while the negative was upheld by Miss Edwards and Mr. Cartwright. The judges, Miss Robinson, Dr. Coffin, and W. S. Black, gave their decision in favor of the negative by only a narrow margin.

While they were arriving at their decision a number of impromptu speeches were made. Miss Bickford also contributed a vocal solo, and the critics' report was read and applauded. The meeting closed with the national anthem.

### A SERMON ON TOLERANCE

(Continued from Page Three)

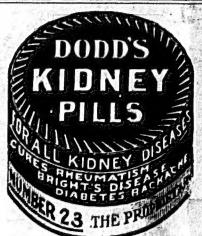
and spiritual status of other countries.

I recall a country school where the majority of children were born of New England and Middle West parents, and a few of the few foreign pupils, whether German, Irish or Scandinavian, were subjected to such indignities and insults as only American children can inflict. It was the intolerant and egoistic spirit of the parents which the children reflected.

The same ignorance exists, in thousands of American minds to-day, regarding the mental and spiritual status of the ancestors of other immigrants here in America—the Italians, the Greeks, the Japanese, the Chinese.

Gather together any class in a public or a high school of purely American children, and lead them to talk on this subject and you will be astonished at their egotistic ignorance regarding the rightful claims of other nationalities to respectful consideration.

This is one of the deplorable faults of American education. Teach your children tolerance as one of the necessary cornerstones in the foundation of true education.



## STARLAND

Two Nights Only  
Friday and Saturday of This Week

## BRITON & BOER WAR

The Most Sensational War Scene Ever Taken by Motion Pictures. Admission 10c

## THE BIG FURNITURE STORE

Campbell Furniture Company  
Empire Block, COR. FIRST & JASPER Edmonton

## Supply Your Furniture Needs This Month

Every householder who needs or will need in the near future any FURNITURE or CARPETS for the home should by all means take advantage of the exceptional opportunity the Campbell Furniture are offering. Hundreds have reaped the benefit of this January Sale, and now that the month draws to a close we would say to those who have not shared in this great sale—come to-day and you will find the biggest and greatest assortment of new furniture that has ever been your opportunity to see. We emphasize the fact that there is no old stock. Every piece of furniture in our store is new and always carries the "Campbell Furniture Company Guarantee."

Read the following list, then come in and select what you want:

Dressers and Stands, Surface Oak, Bevel Mirror	\$10.00
Cheffoniers, Surface Oak finish	9.50
Children's High Chair, with Table (special)	1.75
Golden Oak Arm Rockers	2.75
Bed, Brass Knobs, Best Make	
Spring, Dominion Weave, Iron Frame Complete	10.90
Mattress, Wool Fibre, Wool Two Sides	
Good Opaque Window Shades, on Hartshorne Rollers	.45

CAMPBELL FURNITURE COMPANY

## Short Days— Dark Mornings Tendency to oversleep

There you have it in a nutshell, the reason why many people who arise with alacrity in summer time find an alarm-clock necessary at this time of the year.

We keep none but the best and guarantee every clock a perfect timepiece.

### G. F. WATCHER

Manufacturing Jeweler  
Engraver, Watchmaker and  
Optician  
Glasses ground on premises  
Phone 1647 124 Jasper Ave. E.

## Last Few Days

Of Special Prices. For the remaining days of this month we are offering a

**SPECIAL INDUCEMENT**  
to ladies in Director's Satin Gowns  
in the latest evening and  
afternoon shades, also Sequin  
Gowns at

### Greatly Reduced Prices

Tailor Made Suits and Gowns will also be marked up at the advertised prices. Just a few left in Separate Coats and Ready-to-Wear Gowns to be cleared out at Half Price

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**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM**  
THE ONLY DOUBLE TRACK LINE  
Between CHICAGO AND EASTERN CANADA and the DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE TO NEW YORK via Niagara Falls

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**AGENCY FOR COOK'S TOURS**  
Special Tours to the Mediterranean, Bermudas and West Indies

For Rates, Reservations, Time Tables and full information, apply to

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## Great Sacrifice Sale of Millinery

Having received a late shipment of the latest millinery goods I have decided to put on a sale and all Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats must go at cost so as to clear all out by 1st of February. So now is your chance to get a stylish and up-to-date hat at cost price, and what would be a more suitable Christmas present than a man to bring his wife a pretty hat. And now is your time, and the place.

### MISS M. LYONS

450 FRASER AVENUE  
One block from Namayo avenue car line.

**HOTEL  
Martha Washington**  
NEW YORK'S Exclusive Woman's Hotel  
29 East 29th St., near 5th Avenue  
Restaurant and Tea Room for men and women. Town car line. Central District Station 4-800 and up  
European Plan 400 rooms with telephone. Baths free on each floor. Fireproof

## Home and Society

Edmonton.

That "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" had the good fortune to delight the four audiences who attended its performance on the last three days of last week, is universally conceded. Surprised, as well as delighted, them one is bound to conclude after hearing the general comment indulged in. Apparently people were not expecting too much, and the unique experience of the clever little play being far in advance of what they had hoped for, stirred them up to an enthusiasm seldom witnessed in Edmonton.

Because it means that the Amateur Dramatic Club's existence is vindicated, as a club the members must all rejoice. They have the universal goodwill of the public. That was proved by the attendance and the words of appreciation that were heard, and the assurance will serve in days to come to stir, even greater efforts.

What honest hard work there is entailed in the getting up of a play such as "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," only those who have taken part in such productions can appreciate. The exact inflections of the voice necessary to convey just the original idea intended by the author, the hundred and one little details spoken of as "business"; the staging and dressing of the piece; the endless rehearsal—the success of the whole being dependent on the most careful attention to the smallest details; these are things hardly grasped by the general public, but clearly apparent to the most amateurish of amateurs. By them the play stands or falls, and because this is so I want at this time to pay just tribute to the man to whom the success of "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" is honestly due, Mr. Albert E. Nash, kindliest and most painstaking of stage managers, a jolly, good fellow and possessed of the pallance of Job. If the play was more than usually successful for an amateur production, it was because he drilled its fine points into his associates, and because he had co-operating with him as members of the caste a company of people who each in his and her part, whether it was small or great, did his and her best to fit it as he had outlined. For Mr. Nash to both stage-manage the piece and fill as well the exceedingly difficult role of Lord Huntworth at one and the same time, is conclusive evidence that he has marked ability along these lines of an exceptional order. Behind the scenes things moved like clock-work, and no matter if a player made a slip or bungled things, he was there with a quiet, "Never mind, it's all right." Truly a most exceptional manager.

Bouquets have been the order of the day for all, the party from the newsboy up since last week's performances. Mr. David Robinson being highly spoken of as absolutely inimitable and perfect in his role of the vicar, the Rev. Mr. Pillinger. Personally I think I have never seen a finer characterization. Make-up, enunciation, voice and manner, all evidenced art of the very highest order. Miss Cornelia Hughes as his maiden sister was another excellent bit of work. To quote Captain Dorvaston's picturesque language, she was perfectly "ripping" being especially good in the scene with her brother and Captain Dorvaston when she relates her finding of the latter in the broom-cupboard.

Miss Dickie was a spirited, winsome Lucy, looked as sweet as a pretty young girl could look, and carrying through her part with an ease and a genuine pleasure in it, that impressed every one who saw her.

Keziah (Mrs. Barrow), sauciest of skilleys, how shall one write of her! There was only one fault to find with her, she kept too persistently out of the way. Her little scenes with Cook were admirable, and made one long for a sight of her vivacious little face, and saucy teasing ways, every time the curtain went up.

Captain Dorvaston (Mr. Dickie) was another aspirant for honors who grew better with each performance. His work throughout was capital, just the hesitating, blundering manners one might expect from an army man out of his element. He was at his best in his scenes with Mr. and Miss Pillinger, when he seemed to have the happy faculty of forever getting himself into the most ludicrous positions.

Larry Manuel was never intended for a parson, but he made a good one, and I am sure would have been chased to death by pretty girl parishioners if they had ever run across him in real life. He wasn't "nervous, merely anxious," as he himself explained. Even so have hours of good-looking young curates been before him, since ever curates were made.

Gandy—there's only one of him, and Mr. Williams is his name. Known when to say "Amen," has an eye to a good cook as a wife, is, however, a philosopher, and can rise even above "weal cutlet" for supper.

On Friday night the Beaver House Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire invited the cast to supper after the performance, when Mrs. Wm. Short very hospitably threw open her fine home for their reception, and Daughters and amateurs enjoyed a pleasant little evening and a dainty supper.

On Saturday the members of the company had dinner following the matinee at Lewis's, when amid the greatest harmony and good fellowship Mr. Nash thanked them one and all for their hearty co-operation in making the affair so great a success.

This week Mr. Robinson is producing "Twelfth Night" on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, with a matinee performance at the same theatre, the Empire, for which I bespeak your further patronage.

Mrs. Robert Mays and Mrs. Bishop leave on Tuesday next for Santa Barbara, Cal. Mrs. Mays expects to be absent from town about two months.

Miss Marjory Beck is also leaving for the south early in the week, her destination being Los Angeles, Cal., where she will visit an aunt.

Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison, who was expected home this week from a visit to her parents at Moscow, Idaho, has decided to remain over for another fortnight.

Westward the eyes of ambitious householders seem turning longingly. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cooper are among the last recruits, leaving their present home on Seventh street in the course of a month to move out to Fourteenth street.

I see that Mrs. Norquay is visiting in town.

Mrs. Sydney Woods left for Winnipeg on Thursday to spend a couple of weeks with her brother, Mr. Arthur Brown and his bride.

The Apron Tea in aid of Christ Church, which was given on Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Dickie by some of the ladies of the congregation, attracted a great many people, all of whom patronized the pretty offerings from frilly, dainty little afternoon work-aprons, to the sensible, large kitchen size. I understand a substantial sum was realized from the tea, that another, "pin-cushion tea," will be held next month at the residence of Miss Croskill. This makes the third tea of a series, a "bag tea" having been given last month.

I am indebted to a reader of this column for the following:

On Tuesday last Mr. A. E. Jackson received for the first time since moving into her fine new residence at 280 Sixth street. The reception hall and drawing-room were beautifully decorated with palms, purple cyclamen and white chrysanthemums and carnations, while the handsome dining-room was brilliant with cut-glass and silver candleabra. In the centre of the polished mahogany table rested a cut-glass bowl of American beauty roses. Here Mrs. McQueen and Mrs. Gray presided, while Mrs. Henderson served the ices, and Miss Anne McDougal and Miss Elsie Stocks, were pretty assistants.

Mrs. McQueen's little daughter opened the door to the many callers during the afternoon. Mrs. Jackson received in a very becoming gown of champagne silk with oriental inser-

tion, and will be at home in future on the first Friday of the month.

Mrs. Bettes is giving a children's skating party on Saturday afternoon, after which the young ladies will attend her to her residence for high tea.

Mrs. Donald Macdonald, of Glen-

cooe, had a small dinner-bridge on Saturday evening last, five covers being laid and two tables later participating in a jolly game of bridge. Mrs. Swanson and Dr. Duncan Smith came off with the top scores, and were awarded two pretty prizes. The dinner table was beautifully arranged with pink carnations and fern, silver-pretty shaded candle-lights adding their touch of beauty to the whole.

Miss Mary Campbell, the artist is ex-

pected home from her sojourn abroad

towards the end of last week. She is

spending a few days with her mar-

ried sister in Amherst, en route.

The Willing Workers are holding a

carnival in the Tidstle Rink a week

from this Friday night, in aid of All

Saints' Church, which, from all the

previous records they have established for themselves, should prove a very

successful event. Everyone loves a

carnival. Then pretty girls look their

prettiest, and handsome 'cavallers,' if

ever, have a chance to put their best

foot forward. I am sure that with

this long notice ahead, a great many

fetching costumes will be evolved and

that these Willing Workers and their

worthy object will net a very sub-

stantial sum.

When he comes to put on a collar that has

been laundered at the Snow Flake Laundry.

"THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD" is our

motto. Give us a trial. We call and deliver

your laundry promptly.

**Empire**

Modern Vaudeville

MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY NEXT AT 8.30 P.M.

VINA'S MODELS—Reproducing famous paintings by the best artists.

THE MUSICAL MONTGOMERY'S—Elaborate novelty musical act.

CORA HALL—English Comedienne.

THE HRDLICKAS—Lyric and operatic singers.

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THE EMPIRESCOPE—Latest and best in Motion Photography.

Empire Orchestra, Director: Thos. Irving. Popular Selections.

MATINEES: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 3 O'CLOCK

"THE TRUTH IS GOOD ENOUGH"

## Through the Stock-Taking Sieve

As announced last week there are certain lines which are too "short" to make it worth while carrying over, and these will offer everyone very special opportunities for snapping a good bargain.

There is an additional reason for offering these specials named below: they are in the ready-to-wear department, and, as you probably know already from reading our advertisements, there is to be opened very soon on the second floor a thoroughly up-to-date salon for showing and fitting the choicest kinds of costumes, etc., that have ever been displayed in Edmonton. So we want no winter stock left and are prepared to let what we have go at "any old price." These are all the current season's goods.

## "Ready-to-wear" below Cost

### \$7.50 CLOTH COATS, WORTH UP TO \$16 FOR \$7.50

These are all late fall styles and in many cases bear the same features as the early spring goods. Black, navy and brown. Most are of the semi-fitting type and trimmed with stitched straps of self and silk soutache braid. Bust sizes from 32 to 42. **\$7.50**

### \$5.00 CHILDREN'S AND MISSES' COATS, WORTH UP TO \$10.00 FOR \$5.00

12lonettes these, ranging in size from 8 to 16 years. Tailored in tweed and cheviot, some with infant velvet collar and half lined. Colors, mixed tweeds, tanpe and red cheviots. An honest bargain at **\$5.00**

### \$15.00 FUR TRIMMED COATS, WORTH \$23 AND \$27 FOR \$15.00

Just three which are outstaying their welcome, so we are adopting stringent measures to hasten their departure. Two are lined throughout with good quality venetian, have full fur collar and revers of Western Sable and Japanese Mink nicely trimmed, and the third is half lined with quilted minkette, has collar and revers of Columbia Sable and is well trimmed on sleeves, across back and down side seams with ottoman silk. Two are navy and one brown. Worth none the less because the price is so much reduced.

### \$7.95. SKIRTS WORTH UP TO \$15 FOR \$7.95

Tailored in the best quality, all wool and voile, some plain, others in satin stripe and more in fancy check material. Most have pleats in various effects, the trimmings are mostly taffeta, while a few have satin strapping. Black, brown and navy; **\$7.95**

### \$1.50 ENGLISH SILK UNDERSKIRTS AT ONLY \$1.50

This is a full, well made skirt in fine quality English silk with deep flounce of 60 small frills and dust ruffle. Black only. Sizes 38 to 42. This value is truly exceptional and none should pass it lightly by **\$1.50**

## W. JOHNSTONE WALKER & CO.

263-267 JASPER AVENUE EAST

PHONE 1351

tion, and will be at home in future on the first Friday of the month.

Mrs. Bettes is giving a children's skating party on Saturday afternoon, after which the young ladies will attend her to her residence for high tea.

Mrs. Donald Macdonald, of Glen-

cooe, had a small dinner-bridge on Saturday evening last, five covers being

laid and two tables later participating in a jolly game of bridge. Mrs. Swanson

and Dr. Duncan Smith came off with the top scores, and were awarded two pretty prizes.

The dinner table was beautifully arranged with pink carnations and fern, silver-pretty shaded candle-lights adding their touch of beauty to the whole.

Miss Mary Campbell, the artist is ex-

pected home from her sojourn abroad

towards the end of last week. She is

spending a few days with her mar-

ried sister in Amherst, en route.

The Willing Workers are holding a

carnival in the Tidstle Rink a week

from this Friday night, in aid of All

Saints' Church, which, from all the

previous records they have established for themselves, should prove a very

successful event. Everyone loves a

carnival. Then pretty girls look their

prettiest, and handsome 'cavallers,' if

ever, have a chance to put their best

foot forward. I am sure that with

this long notice ahead, a great many

fetching costumes will be evolved and

that these Willing Workers and their

worthy object will net a very sub-

stantial sum.

When he comes to put on a collar that has

been laundered at the Snow Flake Laundry.

"THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD" is our

motto. Give us a trial. We call and deliver

your laundry promptly.

## No "Cussing" from 'Hubby'

When he comes to put on a collar that has

been laundered at the Snow Flake Laundry.

"THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD" is our

motto. Give us a trial. We call and deliver

your laundry promptly.

## Snow Flake Laundry

# “Canada Dry” Pale Ginger Ale

A Welcome Guest in any household. Order from your grocer or liquor dealer.

NOTE—The name **McLaughlin** on Carbonated beverages is equivalent to the “Hall-mark” on a piece of silver, each is a guarantee of quality.

**J. J. McLAUGHLIN, Ltd.**  
Phone 1436      Factory Bellamy St.  
TORONTO,      EDMONTON,      WINNIPEG

AFTER THEATRE GO TO  
**LEWIS' CAFE**  
FOR SUPPER  
Oysters on Half Shell.  
Business Men's Lunch, 35 Cents, from 12-2.  
Open until 2 a.m.      Next to Orpheum Theatre.

## Persistency Draws Big Wages!

Enough persistency to make something else probable of accomplishment will almost always finish the task in want advertising. This quality of persistency draws its biggest rewards in want advertising—wins its surest laurels.

To “know when to quit” is important in somethings. To know when to KEEP ON is important in want advertising. It's the secret of the person who is called “fortunate.”

**THE CONNELLY-MCKINLEY CO., LTD.**  
FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS  
Private Chapel and Ambulance  
136 Rice Street      Phone 1525

THE CAPITAL WINE AND SPIRIT CO.

**A. E. HOPKINS**  
MANAGER

Dealers in the finest old Scotch Whiskey from the Talskirk Distilleries of Glasgow and Perth, Scotland. Guaranteed 10 years old and fully matured in wood.

The Capital Wine & Spirit Co.  
Jasper Avenue.

## Fire Insurance

**ROBERT MAYS**

Room 5 Crystal Block, 42 Jasper Avenue, W.  
Phone 1263      EDMONTON, ALTA.

**FOR Fine Job Printing**  
of every description send to  
**THE SATURDAY NEWS LIMITED**  
39 Howard Avenue, Edmonton

## Here and There

### CROSSING THE DIVIDE

By J. W. Foley.  
Parson, I'm a maverick, just runnin' loose an' grainin'. Eatin' where's th' greenest grass an' drinkin' where I choose, Had to rustle in my youth an' never had no raisin', Wasn't never halter broke, an' I ain't much to loose, Used to sleepin' in a bag an' livin' in a slicker, Church folks never branded me—I don't know as they tried; Wish you'd say a prayer for me an' try to make a clicker, For the best they'll give me when I cross the Big Divide.

Tell 'em I ain't been corralled a night in more'n twenty.

Tell 'em I'm rawboned and rough an' I ain't much for looks;

Tell 'em I don't need much grief because I have a plenty, I don't know how, but I am 'cause I ain't kept no books.

Tell 'em I shoot strait an' quick an' ain't got much to hide;

Have 'em come an' size me up as soon as I get landed.

I just want my needin's when I cross th' Big Divide.

Tell 'em I rode straight an' square an' never grabbed for leather,

Never rode a crippled steer or rode a sore-backed horse,

Tell 'em I've bucked wind an' rain an' every sort of weather,

Had my tilts with Al K. Hall an' Captain R. E. Morse.

Don't hide nothing from 'em whether it be sweet or bitter,

Tell 'em I'll stay on the range, but I'll abide outside

I ain't going to change just when I cross th' Big Divide.

Tell 'em when th' round-up comes for all the other critters,

Just corral me with my kind an' run a brand on me;

I don't want to be corralled with hypocrites and quitters,

Brand me just for what I am—an' I'm just what you see

I don't want no steam-hall or bran- dash for my ration,

I just want to meet the Boss an' face him honest-eved,

Show him just what chips I got an' show 'em in for cashin',

That's what you can tell 'em when cross the Big Divide.

### CARONIA TO TALK 1,200 MILES

The Cunard liner Caronia has been equipped with the most powerful wireless apparatus in use on any steamer. The apparatus is powerful enough to send messages 1,200 miles, thus enabling the ship to hold telegraphic communication with England or Scotland from Naples or Genoa when she is assigned to the Mediterranean service in the latter part of this month.

The apparatus is said to be three times as powerful as any apparatus afloat at the present time.

### NOT AN APPLICANT FOR THAT

He was altogether a tired looking sort of person from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. His hair was tired, his collar, if indeed he had ever worn one, was so tired that it had beyond the vision of man, even the patches upon his knees looked as if they would welcome a rest. Moreover, he was much in need of a shave and of several other ablutionary processes through which the full and perfect man should occasionally go before presenting himself in polite society. Indeed, the only thing about him that was not tired was his manner, and this was alarmingly fresh, as he stopped at the farmhouse door and requested food and a job in tones bordering pernicious on those of command.

“You will excuse me, madam, for addressing a lady without being introduced,” he began, “but observin’ that there was no men about the place I—

“Now, just you move on,” retorted the lady of the mansion. “We ain’t got no traps about this place, and I’ll just have you to understand right now that whether there’s any men about this place now or at any other time—young, middle-aged, light, dark, or yaller—we ain’t wantin’ in protect you when the time comes that we need ‘em, which fellers of your kind, wanderin’ about the country all day tryin’ to void work and livin’ on the fat o’ the land earned by the sweat o’ some one else’s brow and lookin’ for a chance to lay your hands on anything you can carry on without strainin’ your muscles, seems to think we ain’t got with in reach, as I could prove the contrary of in a jerk of a ram’s tail if I had a mind to ring that there bell ye see fastened onto the roof, by pullin’ this here

cord alongside the wash basin, which Lord knows I ain’t seenin’ as how I ain’t none of these weak sassiest women what can’t handle the best man that ever lived without no help from no body, or thanks to the neighbors, which on the whole ain’t no better’n they should be when it comes down to a straightforward case o’ fight or take your medeces—”

“Excuse me, madam,” interrupted the Weary Wayfarer, making rapidly for the gate, “I find I’ve made a mistake. I wanted a job on a farm, not in a gas house.”

And he skipped blithely up the road with little evidence of that weariness which had lent distinction to his carriage in the moments immediately preceding the interview.

### SHE WAS TOO QUICK FOR THEM

There were three at the little table in the cafe, a lady and two men. Suddenly the electric lights went out and the lady, quickly and noiselessly, drew back.

An instant later there was the smack of a compound kiss. As the electric lights went up again he was seen to smile complacently.

“I thought I heard a kiss,” said the lady, “but nobody kissed me.”

Then the men suddenly glared at each other, and flushed and looked painfully sheepish.—Cleveland Plain-dealer.

### JEST LAZY

Some folks they say they’re tired to death.

They jest would like to give it up an’ lie down on the ground.

They are so awful, awful tired.

They don’t know what to do;

An’ thus they say, day after day,

The same ol’ thing to you.

Some folks they say the weather makes ‘em tired,

They just would like to give it up an’ lie down on the ground.

They are so awful, awful tired.

They don’t know what to do;

An’ thus they say, day after day,

The same ol’ thing to you.

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### The Founders of Spiritualism

The Fox sisters were the founders of modern spiritualism. It was in 1848 that spirit rappings were first heard in their home at Hydesville, N. Y. It created an unparalleled sensation, and from the pilgrimages to the Fox shrine grew the great religion—industry—of Spiritualism.

According to a confession subsequently made by Margaret Fox, she and her sister, Kate, then children, found they could produce peculiar sounds by the manipulation of certain muscles of the toes and fingers. They greatly enjoyed the perturbation of their mother, who could not understand the mysterious sounds and began to think the house was haunted.

She finally told the neighbors and the resulting sensation naturally tickled the children more than ever. But their married sister, Leah Flish, who lived in Rochester, learned the origin of the mysterious sounds and saw the commercial possibilities. She took them with her to Rochester, and in a short time the whole world was talking of them.

Harriet Martineau and Elizabeth Barrett Browning were among their visitors. Eliza Kent Kane, the great explorer, fell in love with Margaret and is said to have married her, though his family never acknowledged it. Kate, who was the first to discover the power the sisters possessed, kept up the seances until her marriage in 1873.

In 1888, Margaret Fox confessed that the whole thing had been a fraud, and Kate endorsed the confession. Subsequently Margaret retracted the confession, and this retraction completely satisfied the Spiritualists, who at her funeral predicted that the year 1888 (the year of the first rappings) would loom higher in history than the year 1 of the Christian calendar.

But the Spiritualists were never able to explain how it was that Margaret and Kate Fox not only confessed the fraud, but gave public exhibitions of how it was committed. On Oct. 21, 1888, Margaret Fox appeared before a audience of 2,000 persons in the Academy of Music, New York, and gave a demonstration. Physiology went up the stage and felt her foot as she made the motions by which she had produced the raps heard around the world. Then she stood in her stocking feet on a single pine platform six inches from the floor, and without the slightest perceptible movement made raps audible all over the theatre. She went down into the audience, and there, resting her foot on that of a spectator, showed how by the motion of her toe the sound was produced.

She gave other public exhibitions, and her subsequent retraction of her confession did not explain away the demonstrations. Kate Fox became a dipsomaniac, and her children were taken away from her because of that fact. She died in 1892, and Margaret a year later. Margaret's last words were: “Give me one more drink.” She had become a dipsomaniac.

### IMPERIAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

#### MONEY TO LOAN

#### ON

#### IMPROVED FARM LANDS

#### APPLY

**C. D. RODGERS**

Archibald Block - Edmonton



### LESSONS GIVEN IN

## Physical Culture

Swedish Free Standing Gymnastics and Elocution

### SEPARATE SCHOOL BASEMENT

Tuesdays and Fridays from 4 p.m.  
Married Ladies Class - 4.30 p.m.  
School Girls Class - 4.30 p.m.  
Young Ladies Class - 8 p.m.  
Private Lessons, place and hours by arrangement.

Phone MISS LUNDY, 2356  
Edmonton School of Music, Ltd., 2554

## NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made at the next Session of the Legislative Assembly of Alberta, for an Act transferring all the assets, rights, and property of The Great West Permanent Loan and Savings Company, within Alberta, to The Great West Permanent Loan Company, being a Company incorporated by an Act of the Parliament of Canada, being Chapter 80 of the Statutes of 1900, also ratifying all acts done pursuant to section 41 of the said Act of Incorporation, and declaring that the said latter Company to have been empowered since the 5th day of June, 1900, to exercise within the Province of Alberta, all the powers, rights and privileges provided for in its Act of Incorporation.

Dated at the City of Winnipeg, this 12th day of November, A.D. 1909.

THE GREAT WEST PERMANENT LOAN COMPANY  
Per its Solicitors,  
BOYLE & PARLEE.

Jan 8-15-22-29

## Hutton Upholstering & Carpet Cleaning Co.

A PRICE LIST  
Bruselle Tapestry and Ingrains taken up, cleaned and re-laid, per yard.....  
Moquets, Wiltons, Axminster and Velvets taken up, cleaned and re-laid, per yard.....  
Carpet called for, cleaned and delivered.....  
Ladies are cordially invited to inspect our methods of cleaning carpets.

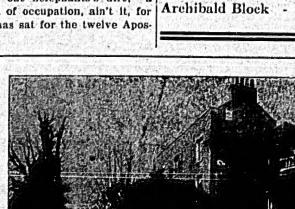
How about that Couch, Parlor Suite and Mattress which wants repairing? Let us call and give you an estimate for repairing the same.

Furniture Repairing and Patching  
Cozy Corners and Window Seats our specialty

Cleaning Works: 619 Fifth St.

First Store North of Jasper Ave.

PHONE 1306      P. O. BOX 814



THE HOME OF WILLIAM MORRIS, POET AND ARTIST, TO CHANGE HANDS.

The delightful old Georgian house, once the London home of William Morris, is about to change hands. The place is to come into the market, and in line with the character of the place itself. In front of the building is the elm-bordered garden of the Hall of Hawks, with the shining river beyond. The house contains some of the most beautiful 16th century decorative work and some Morris tapestries. The late Mr. George Macdonald was another famous literary occupant of Kelmscott House.

### CITY FLOUR MILLS

When wanting your next sack of flour ask for our :: :: ::

**“WHITE ROSE”**  
Fancy Patent Flour  
Handled by all grocers and Flour dealers. Every sack guaranteed

Campbell & Ottewell  
EDMONTON, ALTA.





Makers, Berlin



The Original and Only Genuine Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT

## NO ROUGH EDGES

on your collars if they are laundered at our shop. We guarantee our work, call and deliver your laundry promptly.

Phone 1277

**Nova Scotia Laundry**

THE POPULAR CAFE

## “THE BOSTON”

Quick Lunches served at all hours. Courteous treatment.

\$5.50 TICKET FOR \$5.00

Jasper Avenue East  
Opposite C.N.R. Ticket Office

**The Jasper House**  
Jasper Avenue East, Edmonton

\$1.50 per Day

L. A. GOODRIDGE, Proprietor

## ROBERT BURNS

(Continued from Last Week)

By HUGH McEACHRAN, Edmonton

Burns, in satire keen-edged as a lancet, exposes the hollowness of formalistic orthodoxy that has a name to live, and is dead.

That fraction of society which has been ingloriously distinguished as the idle rich, found no friend in Burns, and with robust sarcasm and caustic wit he ridiculed their pretensions and repudiated their claims. They told not whether did they spin, thereby forfeiting a place in the social order. A contrast in the comparative values of the class we have just mentioned, and that of the toiling poor, is presented in the poem entitled, "Two Dogs!" It is hardly necessary to say that the measure of esteem for those who bore the heat and burden of the day is pressed down and running over. The wily idler is spoken of thus:

They loiter, lounging lank and lazy  
Though "dell-haats" all them yet uneasy.

Their night's unquiet lang and restless  
Their dips, insipid, dull and tasteless  
There's some exceptions—man and woman,  
But this is gentry's life in common.

\* Devil! a thing wrong with them,

It is commonly granted that no race of people possess more independence of spirit than does the spartan Scotch. Cradled in a land that is as bare of the luxuries of life as the bleak native hills are of verdure, the existing circumstances, which can be justly characterized as a fight for actual survival, has evolved a proud self-reliant spirit. The Scot thinks for himself and the world, and that acknowledgement is of intellect and integrity. The lone and shivering is his baronial hall, there he rules the living embodiment of the spirit which pulsates in the "To Deum" of democracy, which Burns called "A man's a man for a' that."

See you hirkie ca'd a lord;  
Who struts and starves and a' that;  
Though hundreds bairns at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that;  
His riband, star and a' that;

The man of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs at a' that.

Few men have suffered more from the vampires of remorse than did Scotland's national bard. The memories of ill-spent hours made his conscience quiver as does a live nerve when touched with heated iron.

In moments of agonizing depression when the deep mysteries of the "Slient Land" forced themselves in upon his thoughts we hear echoing through the confessional sanctuary of his soul words like these:

Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,  
That press the soul or wring the mind with anguish,  
Between comparison the worst are those.

That to be folly or our guilt we owe,  
In every other circumstance, the mind has this to say: "It was no deed of mine!"

But when to all the evil of misfortune  
This ailing is added: "Blame thy foolish self!"

Or worse far, the pangs of keen remorse,  
The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt;

Of guilt, perhaps, where we've involved others.

The young, the innocent who fondly loved us,

Nay, more, that very love their cause of ruin!

Or burning hell! in all thy store of torments,

There's not a keener lash!

Like all true poets Burns loved nature with a deep and tender passion. His minstral harp made sweet music to the flowers, the hills and streams. Further reference to these songs is not required, for has not the operatic singer and the humble charwoman time and time again revealed to us

the beauty and grandeur of these simple lays.

As a psychologist and philosopher Burns had few peers. This was partly due to his knowledge of humanity and partly to his own bitter experience of the truism that the apples of pleasure turn to ashes in the mouth. With what skill he analyzes the effervescent delights of life in "Tam o' Shanter."

But pleasures are like poppies spread;

You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;

Or like the snow fall on the river,

A moment white—then melts for ever;

Or like the Borealis race,

That fit you can point the place,

Or like the rainbow's lovely form

Vanishing amid the storm.

As a student on moral philosophy

these lines are hard to beat, and the accuracy of the lesson they teach is witnessed deep on the tablets of human experience.

It is not uncommon to hear unsympathetic and predatory critics of Burns characterize his love poems as the ravings of a man cursed with abnormal affections. Such a conclusion evidences very poor discriminating power besides being absolutely wrong. The mystic soul of the true poet is so much in harmony with all that is tender and beautiful in life that when the limitation of reality hampers the desire for expression, then imagery becomes the vehicle of sentiment. Thus was that many of the love poems of Burns were impersonal. When he reveals the real feelings of his heart, as he does when singing about his dear, dead Mary Campbell, then bow in reverence before a passion as pure as a wreath of mountain snow.

That sacred hour can I forget  
Can I forget the hallowed grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we met  
To live one day of parting love!  
Eternity can not efface—  
Those records dear of transports past;

Thy image at our last embrace  
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last.

and again:

Make the gales you waft around her,  
Soft and peaceful as her breast;  
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,  
Soothe her bosom into rest;  
Guardian angels! O protect her  
When in distant lands I roam;

To realms unknown while fate exiles me,

Make her bosom still my home.

The martial patriotism of his race  
wore warm in the blood of Burns. He sang of Scotland's proud independence, that spirit which has kept stern Caledonia an unconquered and unconquerable land. "Scots Wha Hae" needs only to be mentioned, for it is not a slogan known and loved wherever the red flower of liberty rears its head to the sky.

Of "Auld Lang Syne" what can be said? To-day this song is a veritable doxology, and mankind has ever and again vowed eternal friendship in its familiar words.

In attempting to analyse the character of Burns and speak of his work we have only touched the shoreward waves of a great sea. We have not tried to hide his dark spots, and we have endeavored to justify his undoubted greatness so we leave him secure in the love and esteem of thousands of his admirers, each one bold heart and soul to "The Immortal Memory."

DANCING CLASS  
Also private tuition for children and adults, either taught at home or at Miss Page's studio, 542 Jasper West. Classes held on Mondays and Fridays. Phone 1478.



"Mother, can't you see when a man's busy?"  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## MR. EDISON HOLDS OUT A GLOWING PROSPECT

Women of all classes and incomes will eventually be able to dress in the height of fashion and style, the laborer will some day enjoy an existence as pleasant as that of the man with a \$200.00 income, radium may supplant coal as a fuel, and the nature of heat, light and electricity will some day be discovered, writes Thomas A. Edison, the famous inventor, in an article printed in an American monthly.

Mr. Edison devotes considerable space to the improvement that he maintains is now in progress in the laboring class and predicts what it will be in two hundred years. He describes an automatic machine that will cultivate, plant, cultivate and manufacture cloth to be sold at a price placed on the level of the man with a \$200,000 income.

He declares there will be no manual labor in the factories of the future, that all work will be done by machinery and that man will be the superintendent of the machines.

"The clothes of the future will be so cheap," says Mr. Edison, "that every young woman will be able to follow the fashions promptly, and there will be plenty of fashions. Artificial silk is that is superior to natural silk is now made of wood pulp. It shimmers better than silk. I think that the silk worm barbarism will go in fifty years, just as the indigo of India went with the production of indigo in German laboratories.

"There is much ahead of us. We don't know what gravity is; neither do we know the nature of heat, light and electricity. We are only animals. We are coming out of the dog stage and getting a glimpse of our environment. We don't know—we just suspect a few things. Our practice of shooting one another in war is proof that we are animals. The make-up of our society is hideous.

"Communication with other worlds has been suggested. Iating and had better stick to this world and do our own thing about it before we call on our neighbors. They might make us ashamed of ourselves. Not individualism but social labor will dominate the future. Industry will constantly become more social and independent. There will be no manual labor in the factories of the future. These men in them will be merely superintendents watching the machinery to see that it works right. Less and less man will be used as an engine or as a horse, and his brain will be employed to benefit himself and his fellows."

## THIS WELL-KNOWN ADVOCATE STATES

HIS DOCTORS ADVISED HIM TO TAKE DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

And He Found Them to be all They were Advertised—How and Why Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure.

Montreal, Que., Jan. 31.—(Special.) Dodd's Kidney Pills were recommended to me by our family physician, and I must say they have proved to be what they were advertised."

This statement was made by L. J. Hubert, the well-known advocate, of 214 James street, is a double tribute to Dodd's Kidney Pills. It shows that they are recognized by reputable medical men as a peerless remedy for diseases of the kidneys and also that they are now looked upon as a standard medicine by the best people in Canada.

And the reason of this is that they do just what they are advertised to do.

They cure diseased kidneys and put them in condition to clear all impurities out of the blood. They cure Bright's Disease, Diabetes and Backache, because they are kidney diseases. They cure Rheumatism, Lumbago and Heart Disease, because these are caused by impurities in the blood that the kidneys would strain out of the blood if they were in good working order.

If you haven't used them yourself, ask your neighbors about Dodd's Kidney Pills.

## THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874.

Capital Authorized	•	•	•	•	•	\$5,000,000.
Capital Paid Up	•	•	•	•	•	\$3,000,000.
Res and Undivided Profits	•	•	•	•	•	\$3,405,691.

Money can be remitted to any part of the world  
by **Draft or Telegraphic Transfer**

## EDDY'S BREAD WRAPPERS

To prevent danger of impurities in delivery from the Oven to the Home, insist on your baker wrapping his bread in our wrappers.

We are the originators of Bread Wrappers.

Now used by leading bakers of Ottawa, Montreal Toronto and other cities.

## The E.B. EDDY Co., Hull, Canada



NOW that we have started on a New Year, everyone is looking forward to it being a red letter one.

The successful man is always well dressed and tailor-made clothes are a necessity for him, as they are the only kind that will show his own character and give him a style, which is up-to-date.

All the employees in our factory are experts in the tailoring business, and as we have the latest and the most up-to-date machinery also a staff of 15 in our workshop, on Second St., we are in a position to look after your business.

All our machines are run by electricity, also we use electric irons.

Our pressing machine which is run by one man is capable of a pressure of 800 lbs, which guarantees that all clothes will be turned out in as perfect condition as possible. Wishing all our customers and friends a prosperous New Year. Yours truly,

**HOCKLEY AND CO.**  
118 Jasper ave., West

## Edmonton Wine & Spirit Company

ASK FOR

## "Spey Royal" Scotch

Finest, Oldest and Mellowest Procurable.

You make no mistake when you say

"Spey Royal"

## Edmonton Wine & Spirit Company



They are enjoying  
**Boyd's**  
CHOCOLATES  
The sweetest delight of children.  
The purest confections made  
**W.J. BOYD CANDY CO.**  
WINNIPEG

## Money to Loan

ON IMPROVED FARM AND CITY PROPERTY  
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

## National Trust Company, Ltd.

CORNER JASPER AVENUE and FIRST STREET  
A. M. STEWART, Manager Edmonton Branch

PHONE 1961 WHEN YOU REQUIRE JOB PRINTING

## DENTIFRIES

Area Nut Tooth Paste  
Area Nut Tooth Soap  
Calox Tooth Powder  
Calvert's Calamine Tooth Powder  
Carbolic Tooth Wash  
Cherry Dentifrice  
Cherry Dentifrice (Gossell's)  
Cherry Tooth Paste (Lyman's)  
Cherry Tooth Paste (M.R.S.W.)  
Colgate's Ribbon Tooth Paste  
Dentox Tooth Paste  
Euthymol Tooth Paste  
Euthymol Tooth Powder  
Euthymol Liquid Dentifrice  
Hulax Tooth Paste  
Lyon's Tooth Powder  
Oriental Tooth Paste  
Pate Dentifrice  
Rubiflame  
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## HOME AND SOCIETY

Edmonton

(Continued From Page Three).

charming in a lovely frock of pale pink chiffon with Honiton lace garniture and opalescent bugle trimmings. In the attractive dining room Mrs. Fred Ross, and Mrs. McLean presided at a table beautifully arranged with a silver and crystal lamp, pink carnations and fern, and some filmy lace accessories. Assisting were the Misses Annie McDougall, Miss Bellamy, Miss Vera May, Miss Annie Gillespie, and Miss Marian Fife.

On Friday Mrs. John McDougall, Mrs. Secord and Mrs. Hardisty assisted the bride in her hospitalities, while Miss Addie Belcher, Miss Elsa Stocks, and Miss Agnes Inglis passed the dainty refreshments.

Mrs. Inglis will not receive again until the first Wednesday in March.

Mrs. Bulyea's regular reception on Thursday of last week, attracted a great many smart callers to government House. Mrs. Bulyea, being richly gowned for the occasion in a handsome frock of amethyst velvet with jewelled garniture, her hair, as always, modishly and beautifully dressed. In the tea-room, radiant with quantities of red and yellow roses with yellow-shaded candle-lights, a quartette of prettily-gowned young matrons, Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Harcourt, Mrs. Stockard and Mrs. D. S. Mackenzie did the honors.

I hear that Mrs. Constantine, of Maple Creek, will be Mrs. Bulyea's guest for the opening ceremonies. Mrs. Sifton and Mrs. Dennis, who are usually with the Mistress of Government House for the occasion, are down south for the benefit of the latter's health, will not pay their customary visit at this time. Everyone will be delighted to welcome Mrs. Constantine, however, her friends in town being legion.

His Honor and Mrs. Bulyea gave a dinner of eight covers on Wednesday evening for Hon. Walter Scott, of Regina, who has been spending a few days the guest of Government House. The guests included the Hon. Dr. Rutherford, Hon. C. W. Cross, Hon. Duncan Marshall, with the Government House party and Mr. Chief Justice Sifton. Mr. Scott returned home this Friday.

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## NOTE AND COMMENT

(Continued from Page One.)

Old Country are welcoming the end of a general election campaign, in which these matters have occupied so important a place. To the Glasgow News, Mr. Neil Munro, who was a visitor to this part of the world some four or five years ago, leaving many friends behind, contributes a very readable sketch which illustrates the befogged mental state in which a fiscal discussion leaves the average individual. It is so much to the point that it is well worth reproducing in full.

"There's something fair wrang wi' my eyes," said Jinnet, putting down the newspaper, and cleaning her spectacles with a corner of her apron. "I'll need to get a new pair o' specs, or something. 'I've looked, and I've better looked a' over that paper for anything to read, and I can't see a thing but speeches about the price o' the loaf in Germany. I shan't be no heedin' what's the price o' the loaf in Germany. I was never there. They must be awfully hard up the noo for news to fill the papers."

Erchie had been shaving, having but speeches about the price o' the loaf the local candidates to clean his razor, and turned to his wife with a pawky smile.

"There's naethin' wrang wi' your eyes," he assured her, "and the price o' the loaf in Germany must perteccular; everything depends on it."

"Is it different from any other kind o' loaf?" asked Jinnet.

Mrs. B.—I think so, and the concave edges would give a pointed effect.

Mrs. A.—How delightful! About that underskirt; are you thinking of bucklings and shirtings?

Mrs. B.—I rather fancied a satin foundation, "Princess," you know, with a deep酵 effect and a plaited flounce below, but won't it tend to cut the figure?

Mrs. A.—Perhaps chenille loops would make an attractive trimming, dearest. And, of course, you'll have the overskirt caught here and there to show the true shade."

Mrs. B.—And the sash will have more or less pompons.

"The mounds pompons did it," he added. "I rushed away, but before I had left this place of weird language I could not overhear a saleswoman explain to a customer, 'What you want is a skirt made full-length, and done in the old-fashioned corrugations of corded shirrs.'

"There still din in my ears fragments of that uncanny language; clar-de-lune faille bolero, burnous of ashes-of-roses gros-grain, cherry-brandy shantung-tunic, burn-brandy empicement, meadow-bangle yoke...

"Since pretty frocks are meant to please men, and are paid for by them, could not the fair sex magnanimously condescend to simplify the language of fashion, and give material and colors less complex names?"

Even life in Miltet cannot dry up the genial current of some men's souls, as witness this from a recent number of the Packet:

"The other day a young lady, a stranger in town, alighted from the northbound train onto the platform of our busy depot. Stepping up to our genial station agent, she inquired for the Hotel Arlington. 'Sure,' replied Mac. 'Big building' way down on 3223rd street and 316th avenue W.; of that telephone pole on the corner in the distance. Take the car or bus, Miss.' But she preferred to walk, and started out. We didn't hear if she got there."

The practice in vogue across the line of giving divvies for trivial reasons continues. In Des Moines the other day, for instance, one woman obtained separation simply because her husband insisted on caring his initials on her cheek.

Is this the Des Moines plan we have been hearing so much about?

A stout lady with a large parcel got into a first-class compartment at Brighton. She was shabbily dressed. A porter came up to the window and said:

"Are you first-class ma'am?"

"Well, I am not exactly first-class, but I am very well, thank you," replied the lady.

They say a great deal against these porters, but that is a civil-spoken young man, anyway," she said to her fellow-passengers, as she squeezed down into her seat.—Cassels Magazine.

"The way to run this country," said the egotist, "is to put thoroughly wise, capable, alert and honest men in control of all affairs." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "but what are we going to do? There's only one of you!"

## STARLAND

In the last three changes of program at Starland the most interesting films

were a Kalem drama and two biographies. "Traced by a Kodak" was a charming story of the loss of a beautiful little Shetland pony, and its final recovery by means of a snapshot taken by a Kodak. The principal part was taken by a little girl, and her excellent acting was the cause of much comment. "One of the finest war pictures ever given was "The Hessian Renegades," as interpreted by the Biograph Co. A young American soldier, embroiled with important documents, was pursued by a band of renegades. He sought refuge in his old home, but was discovered and cruelly murdered. By clever strategy the father procured help and had his revenge by killing every one of the band.

The splendid acting and beautiful scenery did much to enhance the charm of this picture, and made it one of the most popular ever exhibited.

"Leather Stockings" is an adaptation from Fenimore Cooper's renowned work, "The Last of the Mohicans."

It gives a graphic description of an encounter between the natives and the general with his family. They were betrayed by their trusted guide and would most surely have been massacred were it not for the timely help of Leather Stockings and his Mohican friend.

The thrilling adventures

through which they passed held the audience spell-bound and their rescue was greeted with great applause.

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